



SUGGESTION.
 Originals—Concupiscence doth make
 Our Nature like a foule great-Bellyed Snake:
 For, wer not Sathan, apt to tempt to Sin;
 Yet, Lustfull-Thoughts mould breed & brood, Within:
 But, happie Hee, that takes These Little-Ones,
 To dash their Braines (soone) gainst repentant-Stones.



RUMINATION.
 When lust hath (thus) Conceiv'd it brings forth Sin;
 And Ruminating thoughts its Shape begin.
 Like as the Beares oft-licking of her whelpes,
 That foule deformed Creatures Shape much helps.
 The danger's great, our Sinfull thoughts to Cherish,
 To stop thire growth, or thy poore Soule will perish.



DELECTATION.
 If, Sinfull Thoughts (once) nestle in mans heart:
 The Sluce is ope, Delight (then) plays its part:
 Then, like the old-Ape hugging in his armes,
 His Apish-young-One, Sin, the Soule becharmes:
 And, when our Apish impious-Thoughts delight us,
 Oh, then (alas) most mortally They bite us.



CONSENT.
 For, where Sin workes Content, Consent will follow;
 And, This, the Soule, into Sins Gulfe, doth swallow.
 For, as two ravning Wolves (for, tis their kinde)
 To suck Lambs-blood, doe hunt with equall-mind:
 Even so, the Soule & Sin Consent, in One,
 Till, Soule & Body be quite overthrowne.



ACT.
 Sin and the Soule (thus) having stricken Hands,
 The Sinner (now) for Action ready stands;
 And Tyger-like swallowes-up, at One-bitt,
 What ever impious Prey his Heart doth sit:
 Committing Sin, with eager greedynesse,
 Selling his Soule to worke All wickedness.



ITERATION.
 From eager-Acting Sin, comes Iteration,
 Or frequent Custom of Sins perpetration;
 Which, like great Eleph-Birds lying on raw-flesh,
 Though oft beat-off, (if not killd) come afresh:
 Hence, Belzobub is term'd Prince of flesh-fier,
 Cause Sin, still, Acts, untill (by Grace) It Dies.



GLORIFICATION.
 Custome in Sin takes Sense of Sin away:
 This makes All-Sin seeme but a Sport, a play:
 Yea, like a rampant-Lyon, proud and Stout,
 Insulting o're his Prey, staulking about,
 The Saucy-Sinner boasts & brags of Sinne,
 As One (oh woe) that doth a City winne.



OBIDURATION.
 When Sinne brings Sinners to this fearefull pass,
 What followes, but a hard Heart-Brow of brass;
 A Heart (I say) more hard then Tortels-back,
 Which, neither Sworde nor Axe can hew or hack;
 Judgements nor Mercies, Treats nor threats can cause
 To leave-off Sin, To love or feare Gods Lawes.



FINALL IMPENITENCY.
 And (now, alas) what is Sins last Extent?
 A hard-Heart makes a Heart Impenitent.
 For, can a Leopard change his Spotted Skin?
 No. Nor a Heart accusom'd (thus), his Sin.
 Then, Conscience, headlong, casts Impenitence,
 With horrid frights of Hellish Recompence.